[Vol. 1] THE [No. 22.]

# WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

*SALEM*—SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 31, 1806.

## ORIGINAL.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

### ON FAME.

All are desirous of Fame. Some seek it in the field of battle, some in the intrigues of councils, and all wish for it in some form or other. Military fame is the most dazzling, but the actions by which it is acquired are frequently such as bring misery on mankind, and it can rarely be obtained, without the accompanyment of guilt. War is just, only in defence of our country, and not then, if our country be the aggressor; and there are very few instances in which both nations engaged in war are not guilty. It follows that there can be few opportunities, of acquiring military fame, in a just cause. But even in a war undertaken for the best cause, those who carry it on can rarely be free from the guilt of plundering and murdering the innocent.

The fame of being a great statesman, is usually acquired by a prostration of all principle, an utter disregard to morality, and the meanest and basest actions. Corruption, bribery and villainy of every kind is familiar to the statesman, and the actions, even of the best of them, cannot bear the strict, rigid test of morality. A man who would rule by justice and virtue, solely, would generally find his plans miscarry, and himself entirely incompetent to the task he had undertaken, unless he could persuade all the rulers of other nations, to be virtuous, like himself. The prosperity of the good may be destroyed by the machinations of the bad, and the plans of the virtuous statesman by those of the wicked.

Of all species of fame, that obtained by literature is most innocently acquired, though in some cases it may be otherwise. The inculcation of virtuous principles, and a regard for morality, are usually necessary, though these alone are not sufficient for the attainment of it. Writers to be eminent must have uncommon powers of mind, and a regard to elegance and purity of style.

This last species of fame invariably accompanies desert. Sooner or later the powers of a fine writer are acknowledged, however at his first appearance envy may detract from his merit, and obscure his genius. SOUTHEY is an eminent instance of this, though few writers have been so fortunate in so soon dissipating the clouds detraction throws over merit. He is still a young man, and has seen

his merit as a poet universally acknowledged, after being ridiculed and insulted for his writings. The vain GIFFORD employed all the powers of ridicule he could call together, to bring him into contempt, but has entirely failed, and very few will assert that Mr. SOUTHEY is not a much greater poet than Mr. GIFFORD.

BARCA.

## SELECTED.

### MONTESQUIEU.

A YOUNG man, named *Robert*, sat alone in his boat, in the harbour of Marseilles. A stranger had stept in and taken his seat near him, but quickly rose again: observing, that since the master had disappeared, he would take another boat. "This, Sir, is mine," said Robert; "would you sail without the harbour?"—"I meant only to move about in the bason, and enjoy the coolness of this fine evening. But I cannot believe you are a sailor:"—"Nor am I—yet, on Sundays and holidays, I act the bargeman, with a view to make up a sum."—"What? coveteous at your age!—your looks had almost prepossessed me in your favour."—"Alas! Sir, did you know my situation, you would not blame me."—"Well, perhaps I am mistaken—let us take our little cruize of pleasure, and acquaint me with your history."

The stanger having resumed his seat, the dialogue, after a short pause, proceeded thus:—"I perceive, young man, you are sad—what grieves you thus?"—"My father, Sir, groans in fetters, and I cannot ransom him. He earned a livelihood by petty brokerage, but, in an evil hour, embarked for Smyrna, to superintend, in person, the delivery of a cargo, in which he had a concern. The vessel was captured by a Barbary corsair, and my father was conducted to Tetuan, where he is now a slave. They refuse to let him go for less than 2000 crowns, a sum which far exceeds our scanty means. However, we do our best—my mother and sisters work day and night. I ply hard at my stated occupation of a journeyman jeweller, and, as you perceive, make the most I can of Sundays and holidays. I had resolved to put myself in my father's stead; but my mother, apprised of my design, and dreading the double privation of a husband and only son, requested the Levant captains to refuse me a passage."—"Pray do you ever hear from your father?—Under what name does he pass?—or what is his master's address?"—"His master is overseer of the royal gardens at Fez—and my father's name is Robert at Tetuan as at Marseilles."—"Robert—overseer of the royal gardens?"—"Yes Sir."—"I am touched with your misfortunes, but venture to predict their termination."

Night drew on apace. The unknown, upon landing, thrust into young Robert's hand, a purse containing eight double louis d'ors, with ten crowns in silver, and instantly disappeared.

Six weeks had passed since this adventure, and each returning sun bore witness to the unremitting exertions of the good family. As they sat one day at their unsavory meal of bread and dried almonds, old Robert entered the apartment, in a garb little suited to a fugitive prisoner, tenderly embraced his wife and children, and thanked them with tears of gratitude for the fifty louis they had caused to be remitted to him, on his sailing from Tetuan, his free passage, and a comfortable supply of wearing apparel. His astonished

relatives eyed one another in silence. At length, Madame Robert, suspecting her son had secretly concerted the whole plan, recounted the various instances of his zeal. "Six thousand livres," continued she, "is the sum we wanted, and we had already procured somewhat more than half, owing chiefly to his industry. Some friends, no doubt, have assisted him upon an emergency like the present." A gloomy suggestion crossed the father's mind. Turning suddenly to his son, and eyeing him with the sternness of distraction, "Unfortunate boy," exclaimed he, "what have you done? How can I be indebted to you for my freedom, and not regret it? How could you effect my ransom, without your mother's knowledge, unless at the expense of virtue? I tremble at the thought of filial affection having betrayed you into guilt.—Tell the truth at once—and let us all die if you have forfeited your integrity." "Calm your apprehensions, my dearest father," cried the son, embracing him—"no, I am not unworthy such a parent, though fortune has denied me the satisfaction of proving the full strength of my attachment.—I am not your deliverer—but I know who is. Recollect, mother, the unknown gentleman, who gave me the purse. He was particular in his enquiries. Should I pass my life in the pursuit, I must endeavor to meet with him, and invite him to contemplate the fruits of his beneficence." He then related to his father all that passed in the pleasure boat, and removed every distressing suspicion.

Restored to the bosom of his family, Robert again partook of their joys, prospered in his dealings, and saw his children comfortably established. At last, on a Sunday morning, as his son sauntered on the quay, he recognized his benefactor, clasped his knees, and entreated him, as his guardian angel, as the saviour of a father and a family, to share the happiness of his own creation. The stranger again disappeared in the crowd—but reader, this stranger was Montesquieu.

## HUMOUR.

"*Mirth, that wrinkled Care derides,*
"*And Laughter, holding both his sides.*"

### AN EXPERIMENTALIST.

*From a work entitled "Flim Flams," &c. lately published.*

When my Uncle first became a NATURALIST, I perceived no barbarity in his *experiments.* He curiously opened the new-laid egg of a frog; and made some cross marriages among the Montagues and Capulets of the Fly tribe, by which several Romeos and Juliets owe their fatal marriages to the unhappy intervention of too curious a naturalist;

Lo with what joy the virtuoso spies
The first embraces of two *foreign flies!*
Whose deeds of love his eager fancy feed
With smiling omens of a novel breed!!

The prettiest of his experiments, in which I had the satisfaction to assist, was *hatching a chicken*, by carefully keeping the fresh egg between the warm and palpitating *breasts of our house-maid*—which we effected in the course

of a week.* Such bloodless experiments I deemed not unworthy the minute eye of a modest enquirer into nature.†

I lamented, however, even at this time, that certain disputes arose between Jacob and the Swede, and I expected that they would have come to an open rupture respecting certain difficulties concerning the classification and the sexes of some creatures; my Uncle affirmed, for instance, that a *sponge* was an *animal*; the Swede averred it to be a *vegetable*. When my Uncle gave his *literary dinners*, I discovered that there are SPONGES of both classes. At length he came to try a very ugly experiment on himself—it was nothing less than proving how he could digest his *food* inclosed in *small linen bags!* With difficulty he got one down his throat; but all through that week, unfortunately, being extremely costive, he was terrified at its stopping in the *æsophagus*, or at least the folds of the linen bags twisting about the *pylorus*. He firmly resisted the aid of our apothecary for some time, lest he should divide the honor of the experiment:—however, 'the history of the indigestible substances' occurring to his mind, and that some bodies had stopped in the alimentary canal, he took fright! After a proper, but a most tedious process, my Uncle had the pleasure of once more receiving the *linen bag safe in his hands!*‡

When Jacob became the correspondent of Galvani and Spallanzani, Reynold's 'God's Revenge against Murder,' records no murderers more red than him, nor the Newgate Calender more abominable attempts than he has practised. Why has it fallen to my lot to dip my pen in blood, to pollute my fancy with strange amours, and to narrate the life of a man, who, like the famous man of the mountains, might be justly distinguished by the horrid title of—the Prince of Assassins!

Domitian began as a collector of flies, no doubt, before he ever thought of fly-killing. My Uncle formed a froggery, and at first only fattened his frogs; at length, to discover a new theory of *respiration*, he put a *gag* into the *mouth* of a *frog*;§ it died in half an hour! But his great novelty was putting *a pair of waxed taffety breeches on his frogs!*—I know he has here only copied that sanguinary Italian, Spallanzani. But can you imagine any thing more barbarous! It entirely incapacitated them for all domestic enjoyments, and disqualified them for the great purposes of their existence. That race of the *Grylli* are extremely salacious, and, lacerate them limb by limb, they will not correct their ardent propensities. These *waxed breeches* occasioned various changes in the habits of the frogs, and my Uncle thought he had made a grand discovery, when he observed that, after they were breeched, from the most voluptuous and gregarious of animals, they became the most

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* A famous experiment formed by one of the learned Vossiuses."

† Some persons have their heads so oddly turned this way, that though they are utter strangers to the common occurrences of life, they are able to discover the sex of a cockle, or describe the generation of a mite in all its circumstances. They are so little versed in the world, that they scarcely know a horse from an ox; but at the same time will tell you with a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a rhinoceros, (or, lately, a lobster,) and a snail an hermaphrodite.—*Tatler*, No. 216.

‡ An experiment by Spallanzani, who, however, seems not to have been a little alarmed at it. See his Dissertations, translated by Dr. Beddoes, Vol. I. p. 268.

§ This was done lately by the Philomatic Society at Paris.

chaste and solitary. Snatched from their green wives, they sat retired from each other like so many hermit frogs. Yet some did not wear their waxed breeches so patiently—and it was a piteous sight to observe their contrivances to pull their breeches off. My Uncle's frogs fretted themselves to death; some excoriating their cuticle, and some devouring their breeches in madness. It was a heart-rending spectacle to any man, who was not a naturalist.

## SELECTED POETRY.

### ELEGY....FROM SHENSTONE.

*Describing the Sorrow of an Ingenuous Mind on the melancholy event of a Licentious Amour.*

Why mourns my friend! why weeps his downcast eye,
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy chearful meads reprove that swelling sigh:
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not log'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care,
Blest in thy song, and blest in every grace,
That wins the friend or that enchants the fair?

Damon, said he, thy partial praise restrain;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or fortune fix'd me to some lonely cell;
Then had my bosom scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In fortune's train the syren flattery smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chase till Jessy was my prey.

Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expence and art and toil united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloath'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And feigning left her anxious and forlorn.

Then while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the miunte of returning love.

To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune press'd,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Erewhile to flaunt it in the face of day;

When, scorn'd by virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.

"Henry, she said, by thy dear form subdu'd,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone!
I find, I find the rising sob renew'd:
I sigh in shades and sicken at the sun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn.

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears,
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame:
For I have steep'd a father's couch with tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

The vocal birds that raise the matin strain,
The sportive lambs increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chase me from the chearful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy: we are pure.

Ye flowers! that well reproach a nymph so frail;
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhor'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
I die, I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore;
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

Be but my friend, I ask no dearer name;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave what love refus'd to share.

Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
Not such the precepts from his lips I drew!

Happy when age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
And Pity welcome to my native soil."

She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could those hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a fast embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.

I saw her foot the lofty barque ascend;
I saw her breast with every passion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom which could bear to leave!

Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain!

And—see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her watery bier!

## *MISCELLANEOUS.*

*Mr. Pool*—As I sometimes pass your letter-box, I shall now and then throw in a scrap, which you may insert in the Visitant, or throw into the fire, just which you please. ELIZABETH EXTRACT.

"When Fortune enriches the *benevolent*, the Goddess removes the ban-"dage from her brow, that she may bestow a gift with her *eyes open.*"

REMARK—If Fortune *never sees* but when she enriches the *benevolent*, what a blind **** she has always been.

### SOMETHING REMARKABLE.

From the French words *Revolution Francaise*, take the letters which compose the word *veto*, that being all the authority which the King had from the beginning of the revolution until his death, and the letters which remain will make these words, "*Un Corse la finira*"—*A Corsican will finish it.*

### COURTSHIP.

The New-Hollanders observe no particular ceremony in their marriages, though their mode of courtship is not without its singularity. When a young man sees a female to his fancy, he informs her she must accompany him home; the lady refuses, he not only enforces compliance with threats, *but blows:* thus the gallant, according to the custom, never fails to gain the victory, and bears off the willing, though struggling pugilist. The colonists for some time entertained the idea that the women were compelled and forced away against their consent; but the young ladies informed them, that this mode of gallantry was the custom, and *perfectly to their taste.* TURNBULL.

### ROMAN CATHOLIC FISH-DAYS.

In the archives of a little place called St. Claude, situate in a remote corner of the most mountainous part of the county of Burgundy, are preserved the particulars of the sentence, &c. of a poor gentleman, who was beheaded on the 28th of July, 1629. Being reduced to the utmost poverty and urged by the most intolerable hunger, he eat, on a fish day, a morsel of horse-flesh, which had been killed in a neighboring field. The following is a copy of his sentence.—"Having seen all the papers of the process, and heard the opinions of the doctors learned in the law, we declare the said Claude Guillon to be truly attainted and convicted of having taken away part of the flesh of a horse, killed in the meadow of the town; of causing the said flesh to be dressed, and of eating the same on Saturday the 31st of March, &c." It concludes with this observation, "*Such deeds are enough to make a man's hair bristle with horror!*"

### POWERFUL ARGUMENTS.

When Themistocles went to Andros to demand a loan of money, he said, "I bring two gods with me, *Force* and *Persuason.*" He was answered, "we have two stronger, *Want* and *Impossibility.*"

### SOUNDING INSTRUMENTS.

Perhaps I may be thought to degrade human nature by resembling it to a *sounding instrument.* But when I see old Harpax capable of exulting at nothing but the jingle of his money, or his nephew only delighted with the rattling of the dice box; the *music* of their whole lives does not in my opinion, come up to the variety or number (to say nothing of their *sweetness*) of notes on a *salt-box.* To what can I compare Clorinda, when she stuns us with her continual noise, while she is repeating her adventures, her conquests, her bargains, her misfortunes, but a *drum?* What is Flavia, with her changing notes, dying airs, and seraphic raptures, but an *Eolian harp?* And what is Amaryllis, who keeps a list of the miscarriages and indiscretions of her acquaintance, and proclaims scandalous anecdotes through the town, but a *trumpet?*

### HAPPINESS.

I begin to have doubts whether wisdom be alone sufficient to make us happy. Whether every step we make in refinement is not an inlet into new disquietudes. A mind too vigorous and active, serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings. When we rise in knowledge, as the prospect widens, the objects of our regard become more obscure; and the unlettered peasant, whose views are only directed to the narrow sphere around him, beholds nature with a finer relish, and tastes her blessings with a keener appetite, than the philosopher, whose mind attempts to grasp an universal system. [*Goldsmith.*

### THE SEDUCTIONS OF LOVE

Nothing appears at first sight with more innocence, more sweetness, more ingenuousness, or more complacency, than LOVE. He seems always elated, ever fascinating, and joyous:—We believe that happiness lives in all his smiles. But alas! Sorrow dwells with his carresses. We perceive not his barbed arrow, until we feel the fatal poison! Malicious, deceitful boy! Thou only flatterest to deceive, and when thou smilest, it is but at thine own cruelty!

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### MARRIED,

In England, Mary Harris, 55 years of age, to a young man of the name of Jones, about 21; this making her sixth husband.

"*If love's a flame that's kindled by desire,*
"*An old stick's surely best, because 'tis drier.*"

### SUICIDE.

In Middletown, (Vt.) Mr. Lemuel Stoddard, æt. 20. He had for a long time paid his constant addresses to a young girl, and the day had arrived when, with the mutual consent of their parents, they were to be married;—every thing was prepared, and the friends and parents expected to witness a pleasant scene—when the young man related to her, that he doubted the sincerity of her attachment, that her chastity was not inviolate; that a friend had convinced him his suspicions were not groundless; that he could not marry her without being miserable, nor could he live happy without her.—He then proposed she should depart with him to a better world, where their spirits would dwell together in the same bonds of affection that distinguished them here—She agreed; both swallowed a dose of laudanum—but the girl sickened, and a discharge from the stomach saved her from a dreadful end. The dose taken by her anticipated companion proved fatal.

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